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The Picture's Lesson.

[The following beautiful lines, on a picture of "The Last Supper" in a Spanish convent are from Moxon's "Selections from Lord Houghten's Poems."]

It was a holy usage to record,
Upon each refectory's side or end,
This last mysterious Supper of Our Lord,
That meanest appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent-palace of old Spain,
Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sovereign glory of these wondrous things.

A painter of far fame in deep delight
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discerned;
While in low tones a gray Geronomite
This answer to his ecstasy returned:

"Stranger! I have received my daily meal
In this good company now three score years;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
How time these lifeless images endears.

"Lifeless—ah no! Both faith and art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest;
And every soul who loves the Food of Heaven
May to that table come a welcome guest.

"Lifeless!—ah no! While in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone;
Familiar places vacant round our board,
And still that silent Supper lasting on.

"While I review my youth—what I was then—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all!
It seems as if these were the living men,
And we the colored shadows on the wall."

It was a very proper answer to him who asked,
"why any man should be delighted with beauty?"
That it was a question that none but a blind man
could ask, since any beautiful object doth so much
attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's
power not to be pleased with it.

Nature and Art.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

To a mind which delights in the exercise of its reflective powers, the works of nature always present the most satisfying sources of investigation. The tempered light of a perpetual morning; the oak, maple, pine, and hemlock gleam like steel on the naked eye; the pure air and bright sunlight put new life into our frames; around above us roll millions of orbs, which afford the blessings of light and display the sublimer glories of nature. Wherever we turn our eyes, some new object of interest presents itself; into whatever recess we penetrate, our attention is arrested by some natural curiosity; the more extensively we examine, and the deeper we search, the richer will be the banquet spread out before us. To contemplate all this gives us a grander and more sublime idea of the attributes of the Eternal Supreme Being; by overlooking it our view of Him is narrower and more contracted. It puts before our minds that "Almighty Being who measures the ocean in the hollow of His hand; who meteth out the heavens with a span; who comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a measure; who weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance; who stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and bringeth forth their host by number; who calleth them by their names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power, and there is no searching of His understanding."

We can form some idea of the vastness of God's creation by commencing a train of thought upon these objects about us, with which we are familiar, and then gradually ascend to those objects and scenes

more distant. In the forest we can throw aside all worldly cares, take nature as our guide and grow wiser by her teachings. Within these plantations of God perfect sanctity reigns; there is spread out before us an everlasting feast of which we can never tire.

"Nature is the art of God. The symmetry, the beauty, the unity, the perfection, which it reveals attest not merely a divine origin, but a divine artist." Man, whether we regard him in his relation to nature, or as an independent creature, beautifully illustrates this truth. In the fullest development of his being, spiritual and physical, we have the product of an art and an artist, divine, as the works of no other art or artist can be. It cannot be denied that human art deserves well-earned approbation; the hard rocks that man undertakes to change will grow into forms of majesty, beauty and grace. Things that are to us ugly and inharmonious, are by the poet made smooth and pleasant. Many artistic structures have been presented by painters; mechanics have turned wigwags into palaces, changed canoes into ocean steamers, substituted the strength of steam and steel for that of pack-mules. These are the works of man: and that they should be held up to the observation of the good and wise, and generally patronized as leading to the comforts of life, will be readily conceded; but that they fall short of the perfection of nature is a fact which few can deny, without sacrificing judgment to ignorance and impiety.

The works of nature are superior to those of art in their originality, for, as they were called into being from nothing, they could not be copied from anything previously existing. It would be entertaining false ideas if we supposed they were imitations of any models, except those in the mind of the "great original." There is not an object in nature that will not stand the strictest examination as regards its perfection; the most delicate specimens of the pencil, in comparison with the tints that adorn the petals of a flower, appear coarse and uneven; even though they grow from the same spot, no gleaner "finds wheat upon a corn-stalk, nor lilies upon the oak,"—each persists in bringing forth its own fruit.

The color, form and texture of the brute creation surpass every attempt of art. Even the verdure of the fields is so full of divine skill that it is said, "a single blade of grass contains more than will ever be found by the most patient and minute investigation." Still, this is not the universe; could we range through it on the wings of a bird, we would still find ourselves on the verge of creation,

with a boundless prospect stretching toward infinity on every side. A very learned man says: "That Thrones and Dominations, and Principalities and Powers may be able to comprehend such scenes, but they baffle our efforts. Beyond all these objects that we have been contemplating, a boundless region exists, of which no human eye has yet caught a glimpse, and no finite intelligence has yet explored. What scenes of grandeur, and power, and goodness, and magnificence may be displayed in this unapproachable and infinite expanse, neither men nor angels can describe nor form the most rude idea of."

Nature knows no Augustan nor Baconian age; no critic can defy her present nor laugh at her past mistakes; her works are always blooming and beautiful, and will remain so until "the jewels of heaven's dome perish from shedding brilliancy." She engages the heart, delights the eye, and never disappoints the sincere admirer. Well may the psalmist sing: "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. Thou art worthy to receive all worlds, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

SIMON J. CRAFT.

More about More.

[The essay on Sir Thomas More, which appeared in our last, was one of a number written as a regular exercise by all the members of one of the literature classes. Among so many it is difficult to make selections, while to publish all would be manifestly impossible. A surprising variety of anecdotes and traditions respecting More's life and sayings appears in them, the result of patient research. We shall give one more to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, in addition to that already published, selecting, this time, that furnished by Master Cavanagh, whose youth will, among those of our readers acquainted with him, add another source of interest to the matter contained in his composition:]

The period of the Reformation in England was too much distracted by theological and political debate to favor literary production; but the religious agitation, like the invention of printing, the revival of classical learning, and the discovery of America, was aiding to pave the way of a great age of literature near at hand. At this time, the study of Greek was introduced into Oxford and Cambridge, and the spirit of the "New Learning" was manifested in various literary productions which appeared shortly after. Among the names of those who helped to promote this "New Learning"—for there were many, indeed, who held it in contempt—we find that of the subject of this sketch, THOMAS MORE. Although at that time just on the threshold of public life and not more than twenty years old,

he soon became known far and wide, not only as a promoter and student of the classics, but also as one of the most learned defenders of the faith. Although he was greatly oppressed by the manifold duties of his station, he still found time to use his pen, and bring his talents to bear against the heresies which were spreading throughout the world; and, as his knowledge of theology was extensive, he soon saved many wavering souls.

Born in the year 1480, his boyhood days were passed in the household of Cardinal John Morton, who was at that time Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor under Henry VII. While with this eminent man, young More won great fame as a comic actor and wit, and Morton publicly predicted that he would be one of the most illustrious men of his time; how well his prophecy was fulfilled, we all know.

The wise Bishop saw, however, that if young More should stay in his house and be distracted by business affairs, he would not profit to the extent he desired; he, therefore, placed him in Canterbury College, Oxford, where he studied Greek under Linacre. Here he formed many friendships which not only lasted until death, but proved very beneficial to him in after-life. At the age of twenty, he applied himself to the study of law at Lincoln's Inn; and during this epoch in his life, he practised many of the rules of monastic asceticism—taking the discipline on Fridays; sleeping with a log for a pillow, and, in various other ways, treating himself severely, so that he would be better able to tread the narrow path that leads to heaven. After a few years of serious meditation, as to whether he would forsake the world and devote himself exclusively to God, he decided that he was more adapted to the lively scenes of actual life than to the retirement of the cloister, and back to the world he came. It is well for those amongst whom he lived that he was mistaken as to his vocation to a religious life, for he was doubtless destined by Providence as a bright example to show unto others how they should educate their children, serve their country, and, at the same time, practise the Christian virtues of piety, humility and chastity. After several years of hard struggling as a lawyer he, acquired a large practice, and in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII, he became one of the court favorites; and in 1514, having left the bar, he was knighted by the king, made Master of Requests, and sworn member of the Privy Council. In 1515, he was sent by the king on an embassy into Flanders, and, excepting a short time in England, he spent the next two years there.

It was in these two years that Sir Thomas More wrote his celebrated book "Utopia," a work which exhibited the spirit of social, political and religious reformation which existed during the sixteenth century. It is a curious philosophical work, full of profound observations and shrewd insights into human nature, and describes an ideal state on the island of Nowhere. It was a country where the poor were not oppressed; where the ruler was a father to his people; where peace, not war, was the rule; where the laws, by justice and kindness joined with education, sought to prevent the making of criminals; where religion was free, and truth joined hands with charity. The word "utopia" has brought the adjective "utopian" into our language, and is applied to a scheme of ideal perfection which cannot be realized. More's history of Edward V, of his brother, and of Richard III is the first English history which can aspire to be anything more than a chronicle, and is characterized, as several critics say, by an easy narrative that rivals the sweetness of Herodotus. Besides these, he wrote nothing of any consequence to literature; his subsequent writings being mostly religious tracts written in defense of the Catholic faith.

During the course of his public career, More had been promoted to the office of Lord Chancellor; but he soon saw that it would be utterly impossible to retain this office and remain a good Catholic. Acting upon this conviction, he resigned in 1535; in this manner he incurred Henry's hatred, who condemned him to death on the charge of treason, and on July 6, 1535, the eve of the feast of his patron saint, he was beheaded.

Thus died Sir Thomas More, ex-Chancellor of England, and one of the holiest Catholic laymen that ever lived. His works were the best of his time: his "Utopia" alone would be enough to immortalize his name. Since the time of Plato, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical wisdom, for familiarity with the principles of government, for knowledge of the sources of human action, for keen observation of men and manners and for easiness of expression could be compared with "Utopia." The character of Sir Thomas More was great in all its moral aspects; for it was never sullied by ambition or avarice, and although bound to Henry by the greatness of the benefits received from his hands, and entirely loyal at the same time; he was proof against all temptations and threats. He was always true to the voice of his own conscience, and he gave a beautiful proof of this during his public life; for when he saw that it was impos-

sible to be Chancellor of England and a good Catholic at the same time, he immediately resigned; although he thus brought down upon his head the wrath of an offended despot. He was a man of true genius, and possessed a mind enriched with all the learning of his time; and this, together with his loyalty to his religion, placed him at the head of all the writers of the sixteenth century. His domestic life, judging by what his contemporaries have written, was a most exemplary one, and we have abundant proof that at his home in Chelsea peace, love, refinement, purity and all the little courtesies of life were most tenderly cherished. Never was a master more faithfully served, a friend more valued or a father more beloved than Sir Thomas More.

CHARLES T. CAVANAGH.

The Lesson of the Haymarket Massacre.

BY HON. WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, LL. D., '76.

In the Chicago Haymarket riots of May, 1886, the American people were, for the first time, brought face to face with the logical results and consequences of Socialistic teachings and Anarchistic plotting.

The bomb which caused such terrible havoc in the ranks of the defenders of the city, dealing death and mutilation on every side in the heroic, well-ordered police platoon, demonstrated the full diabolism of the conspiracy against social order and the public peace. It was a terrible warning and a costly lesson.

With calm deliberation, with careful legal and judicial form, the principal conspirators were brought before the bar of justice, and, after a protracted, searching trial, in which every resource and opportunity known to skilled and able lawyers was employed in behalf of the defense; and, every subsequent appeal exhausted, the penalty of the law was finally executed on the misguided culprits, save as to the two whose sentence was fitly commuted to imprisonment for life in the State's penitentiary. The "Haymarket massacre" was thus awfully avenged—the majesty of the American law was solemnly vindicated. The lesson of the tragedies will not, it is to be hoped, soon pass out of the public mind.

Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty, and the costly and bitter experience consequent on the Haymarket massacre deserves to be long remembered, so that we may be spared similar outbreaks in the future; and that exemption can only be secured by watchful vigilance and sternly repressive

measures wherever and whenever necessary on the part of the authorities, as well as a steadfast, earnest public sentiment which shall promptly frown down any political angling after the votes of the destructionists on the part of the politicians. When we calmly review the causes which led up to the outbreak in question, it seems almost inconceivable that a number of men who were in the enjoyment of all the privileges and advantages of American citizenship, with the freedom and opportunities such as they had never enjoyed, or ever in their wildest dreams could hope to share in the countries they gladly fled away from, it would seem almost monstrous that they should deliberately plot and madly seek to destroy the very society under which, and under which alone, these advantages and opportunities were opened to them—equal rights before the law, the widest social, religious and political freedom, together with the most extended privileges enjoyed by men under any form of human government anywhere on earth! And these madmen would seek to destroy all this. They would, in their folly, or rather, diabolism, uproot the very conditions of social order, and tear down the majestic structure reared by human society for its security and protection.

No, the time has not come when America will permit the noxious seeds of Continental Nihilism to take root and ripen on these shores. We have welcomed with open arms and generous hospitality the exile and the refugee from other lands; nay, we have gone far beyond the duties and obligations which hospitality would impose.

The United States not only welcomes the immigrant who seeks here a home and the opportunities of livelihood, but clothes him almost at once in the honored garb of citizenship, not alone sharing with him the security and freedom—the birth-right of Americans—but conferring upon him at the same time the high privilege of the ballot, so that he, too, may have his part and responsibility in the choice of rulers of the land and the guardians of the law. This is a gracious and priceless privilege—one to be cherished with care and guarded with vigilance. It is not to be used with recklessness or abused with impunity.

Society has a right to protect itself, and it is clearly the duty of government—of the law-making power—to take measures to guard this privilege of American citizenship against abuse and treachery. For all who come in a loyal and earnest spirit to seek a home and a future in this land, who accept its civilization and propose to abide by its laws and governments, for all these let there be as hereto-

fore, unstinted welcome, unabated privileges. But for the disloyal plotters and disturbers who come with no such honest purpose, or once entered would seek to propagate the teachings which lead to the *petroleuse* and the bomb—and supplant order by Anarchy—for such comers there ought to be no peace or haven on these shores.

Let them go back whence they came. The Czar and the Iron Chancellor will take care of them. Happily, the working men have peremptorily repudiated any and every suspicion of sympathy with Socialism and Anarchy as known by their twin kindred teaching and logical fruits.

The just grievances of labor can be redressed by the methods and agencies usual in a free country.

These are open and free to all, and the reform will come the sooner when the working classes shall turn a deaf ear to the foolish vamping and repudiate the conscienceless demagogues who too often succeed in hoodwinking the element they aspire to lead, and then betray the precious interests unguardedly committed to their care.

The American people are committed to the working out of a great problem and a high destiny—the problem of a free government by the people and for the people; and a destiny which involves the highest hopes and the loftiest aspirations of the human race, *i. e.*, the happiness and prosperity of a mighty and progressive nation.

With the principles of justice, of equal rights, of respect for and obedience to law, and above all, because including all, with a general reverence for eternal truths and the commandments of God—with these duly recognized and regarded by all classes, there can be no doubt as to the future glory and the permanent welfare of the United States.—*Scholastic Annual*.

It Cannot be Begun too Early.

In the great efforts now making against the vice of intemperance, leading many states to pass prohibitory laws, we should not forget the necessity of exercising a salutary influence over youthful minds wherever this is possible. The earliest impressions are the most lasting. Nor should we despise a means of influence because at first sight it may appear trivial and unworthy of serious attention. How long a nursery rhyme retains its hold upon the memory! Why not then inoculate—so to speak—the popular nursery rhymes with temperance principles, and make them convey instruction where they now only serve to amuse?

If Jack and Jill, for instance, instead of going

up the hill to fetch a pail of innocent water, were represented as performing the perilous ascent with the view of obtaining a noxious stimulant of a highly deleterious and alcoholic character, what a new force and beauty would be given to the catastrophe! No longer a mere every-day accident, it would derive a special significance from the nature of the quest in which they were engaged; a degree of poetic justice would attach to it; it would serve to point a moral; and the artistic effect of the composition would be much enhanced.

Then there is that wonderful edifice, "The House that Jack Built," whose successive increments may, for aught we know, have suggested the idea of the Differential Calculus to Sir Isaac Newton. The attention of the temperance man is immediately enchained by the malt. Malt is made, we believe, for one purpose only, and that a most reprehensible one. The rat, therefore, that ate the malt, was in reality a public benefactor, and did not deserve his untimely fate. No; let us rather pursue the destiny of the malt to its bitter end. "This is the beer that was brewed from the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." Next we may appropriately ring in the man all tattered and torn to drink the beer. As the composition stands at present, there is a flagrant violation of propriety in the man's being all tattered and torn. People shouldn't get married in such a state. But if he is represented as drinking the beer, the child will at once perceive the relation of his dilapidated attire to the habitual state of beastly intoxication in which he wallows. Then you may wind up with "This is the everlasting scorn we should feel for the man all tattered and torn, that drank the beer, that was brewed from the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." Or if "everlasting scorn" should seem to be too abstruse and immaterial for the little ones, we might fall back on the cow with the crumpled horn and get her to toss the man; or more relevancy and animation might be given to the scene by the introduction of: "This is the cop, as sure as you're horn, that arrested the man all tattered and torn," etc., a conclusion which could hardly fail to be delightful and fraught with intense interest to the youthful listener.

To show how one of these nursery rhymes might be improved, we will subjoin a familiar example:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bottle full of "rye,"
Such as folks (unfortunately)
Very often buy.
When they pulled the cork out
The boys began to sing.
Wasn't that a shocking sight

To set before the king?
The king was in his counting-house
Feeling very funny
The queen was—

No; on second thoughts it is better not to drop any insinuations about the queen. We will leave that estimable lady engaged in the harmless and engrossing occupation which popular fancy invariably ascribes to her:

—in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes
When out came the tipsy king
And trod upon her toes.

This unseemly and cruel behavior will not fail to arouse infantile indignation both against the unworthy monarch and the wretched state of inebriety to which he had evidently been reduced.

We feel that it is only necessary to give a start to this idea of reforming nursery rhymes to secure its instant adoption by all who have the interests of temperance at heart. And if the cause is ever so slightly advanced by the humble suggestions to be found in this article, the mental labor expended in writing it will be more—far more—than repaid.

IRA HALL.

Edison's New Phonograph.

During the dormancy of the phonograph its inventor secured both world-wide fame and a colossal fortune by means of his electric light and other well-known inventions. He has recently devoted much time to the phonograph, and has not only perfected the instrument itself, but has established a factory provided with special tools for its manufacture, in which phonographs are to be turned out in large numbers, with interchangeable parts.

In the early phonographs, it was necessary that the listener should hear the sounds uttered into the receiving mouthpiece of the phonograph to positively understand the words uttered by the instrument. In the later instruments, such as were exhibited throughout the country and the world, the same difficulty obtained, and perfection of articulation was sacrificed to volume of sound. This was necessary, as the instruments were exhibited before large audiences, where, it goes without saying, the instrument to be entertaining had to be heard. These instruments had but one mouthpiece and one diaphragm, which answered the double purpose of receiving the sound and giving it out again. Strangely

enough, the recently improved phonograph is more like the original one than any of the others. It is provided with two mouthpieces, one for receiving and one for speaking.

The new phonograph is of about the size of an ordinary sewing machine. In its construction, it is something like a very small engine lathe; the main spindle is threaded between its bearings, and is prolonged at one end to receive the hardened wax cylinder upon which the sound record is made. Behind the spindle and the cylinder is a rod upon which is arranged a slide, having at one end an arm adapted to engage the screw of the spindle, and at the opposite end an arm carrying a pivoted head, provided with two diaphragms, whose positions may be instantly interchanged when desirable. One of these diaphragms is turned into the position of use when it is desired to talk to the phonograph, and when the speech is to be reproduced, the other diaphragm takes its place. The needle by which the impressions are made in the wax is attached to the side of the diaphragm cell. The cell contains a delicate diaphragm of gold beater's skin, to the centre of which is secured a stud connected with a small curved steel wire, one end of which is attached to the diaphragm cell. The spindle of the phonograph is rotated regularly by an electric motor in the base of the machine, which is driven by a current from one or two cells of battery. The motor is provided with a sensitive governor which causes it to maintain a very uniform speed. Motion is transmitted from the motor to the spindle by beveled friction wheels. The arm which carries the diaphragms is provided with a turning tool for smoothing the wax cylinder preparatory to receiving the sound record.

The first operation in the use of the machine is to bring the turning tool into action and cause it to traverse the cylinder. The turning tool is then thrown out, the carriage bearing the diaphragms is returned to the position of starting, the receiving diaphragm is placed in the position of use, and as the wax cylinder revolves, the diaphragm is vibrated by the sound waves, thus moving the needle so as to cause it to cut into the wax cylinder and produce the indentations which correspond to the movements of the diaphragm. After the record is made, the carriage is again returned to the point of starting, the receiving diaphragm is replaced by the speaking diaphragm, and the carriage is again moved forward by the screw, as the cylinder revolves, causing the point of the speaking diaphragm to traverse the path made by the recording needle. As the point of the curved wire attached to the

diaphragm follows the indentations of the wax cylinder, the speaking diaphragm is made to vibrate in a manner similar to that of the receiving diaphragm, thereby faithfully reproducing the sounds uttered into the receiving mouthpiece.

The new phonograph is to be used for taking dictation, for taking testimony in court, for reporting speeches, for the reproduction of vocal music, for teaching languages, for correspondence, for civil and military orders, for reading to the sick in hospitals, and for various other purposes too numerous to mention.

Imagine a lawyer dictating his brief to one of these little machines; he may talk as rapidly as he chooses, every word and syllable will be caught upon by the delicate wax cylinder, and after his brief is complete he may transfer the wax cylinder to the phonograph of a copyist, who may listen to the words of the phonograph and write out the manuscript. The instrument may be stopped and started at pleasure, and if any portion of the speech is not understood by the transcriber, it may be repeated as often as necessary. In a similar manner a compositor may set his type directly from the dictation of the machine, without the necessity of "copy."

Extensive preparations for the manufacture of the phonograph have been made, and it is probable that within a short time these instruments will be as common and as indispensable as the sewing machine or the type writer.—*Scientific American*.

Patrick Henry's Famous Speech.

In his most interesting "Life of Patrick Henry," published in the "American Statesman" series, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler has brought to light an important and interesting description of Henry's manner of delivering his most celebrated speech. It is contained in the manuscript of Edward Fontaine, which is now in the library of Cornell University, and is as follows:

"When he said, 'Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?' he stood in the attitude of a condemned galley slave loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His form was bowed, his wrists were crossed, his manacles were almost visible as he stood like an embodiment of helplessness and agony. After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes and chained hands toward heaven and prayed in words and tones which thrilled every heart: 'Forbid it, Almighty God!' He then turned toward the timid loyalists of the House, who were quaking with terror at the idea of the consequences of participating in proceedings which would be visited with the penal-

ties of treason by the British Crown, and he slowly bent his form yet nearer to the earth and said: 'I know not what course others may take,' and he accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighed down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into an oppressed, heart-broken, and hopeless felon.

"After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colony under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly and exclaimed: 'But as for me'—and the words hissed through his clinched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him, and with his countenance distorted by agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoön in a death struggle with coiling serpents; then the loud, clear, triumphant notes—'Give me liberty!' electrified the assembly. It was not a prayer, but a stern demand, which would submit to no refusal or delay. The sound of his voice, as he spoke these memorable words, was like that of a Spartan paean on the field of Plataea; and as each syllable of the word 'liberty' echoed through the building his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart, and the links of his chains were scattered to the winds. When he spoke the word 'liberty,' with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood erect and defiant, while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of freedom, and expressed all that can be acquired or enjoyed by nations and individuals invincible and free.

"After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of the word 'liberty' to cease, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side and clinched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast. He stood like a Roman Senator defying Cæsar, while the unconquerable spirit of Cato of Utica flashed from every feature, and he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, 'or give me death,' which sounded with the awful cadence of a hero's dirge, fearless of death and victorious in death; and he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON BOYS.—Boys is men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by-and-bye. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, He said to Himself: "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than He did Adam that there has been more women than men in the world ever since. Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing on everything but soap. If I could have my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the other half would be dolls. My papa is so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.—*Ex.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University

Notre Dame, January 14, 1888.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FIRST year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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CHAS. P. NEILL, '89.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1888 has received many commendatory notices from the press. This is the thirteenth year of its publication, and the excellence which has characterized its predecessors has not only been maintained, but even surpassed in the present issue. It possesses features that distinguish it from any other year-book and impart to it an interest which none other can have. Send to Prof. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind., for a copy.

—Several messages and letters have been received during the week from Very Rev. Father General Sorin from which we gather the pleasing intelligence that he is about to return to Notre Dame. The venerable Superior was in Rome during the Jubilee celebrations in honor of the Holy Father, after which he visited the College of the Congregation at Neuilly, Paris. He will, in all probability, leave the shores of the Old World to-day (Saturday) homeward bound and be with us once again before the end of the month. Needless to say that all here will anxiously look forward to the happy moment of welcoming the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, and many a prayer will be said that the return voyage may be safely and speedily made.

Rev. Louis Neyron.

Died at Notre Dame, Ind., January 7, 1888.

A veteran of Bonaparte's army has answered his last roll call; a truly apostolic missionary has gone to his reward; a venerable patriarch has been gathered to his fathers. On the morning of Saturday the 7th inst., as the College bells were calling the students to attend their daily recitations, the soul of Rev. Louis Neyron, Professor of Anatomy and *Materia Medica* in the University of Notre Dame passed from its earthly tenement to appear before the judgment seat of its Creator. He breathed his last as quietly and peacefully as a child going to sleep in the arms of its mother, with no one near him, except those ministering angels of mercy, the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, who have devoted their lives to the care of the sick.

Father Neyron was born in France in the year 1791. He studied with marked success in the schools of his native country, and selected surgery for his profession. After the escape of Napoleon from the Island of Elba, the young surgeon was forced into the service of the emperor, and was with him at Waterloo. He often related how the night before that famous battle, he saw Napoleon throw himself on his knees and with bowed head and clasped hands invoke the Creator of the Universe. After the battle, Doctor Neyron was captured by the English. He attempted to escape, and had nearly gained his freedom, when he was retaken. A second time he made a fruitless attempt to escape, and was condemned to be shot at daylight the following morning. He passed the night in preparing for death. Dawn came and grew into daylight, but no tread of martial feet announced the coming of the guards. Later he was informed that his services were needed in the crowded hospitals where thousands of maimed and wounded required the aid of surgeons. He was pardoned, and worked with a will for foe and friend.

After the restoration of the monarchy, he turned his eyes towards heaven and determined to study for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1828. When the sainted Bishop Bruté was canvassing France, in 1835, for subjects to devote themselves to the American mission, Father Neyron, aroused to enthusiasm by the fervid eloquence of the venerable first Bishop of Vincennes, threw himself at the feet of that holy apostle, and asked the privilege of accompanying him to the New World. Bishop Bruté, like Father Neyron, had, in early

manhood, followed the study of medicine and this formed a link that bound their hearts in the closest affection. They left France together, and arrived at the missions of Indiana during the year 1836.

Mid the cold blasts of winter and the hot breath of summer, Father Neyron travelled, on foot and horseback, miles and miles of our western prairies, through dense forests and marshy places, in rain and snow and withering miasmas, carrying consolation to the scattered members of Christ's flock. Many were the stray sheep he brought back to the One True Fold; many the souls he assisted in their last agony, and many the sufferers whose bodily pains he alleviated by his knowledge of surgery and medicine. His fame as a surgeon spread far and wide, and people travelled hundreds of miles to consult the great doctor priest. The extent of his missions and their primitive condition warranted the frequent use of the permission he had received to exercise a calling which, perhaps, might be deemed incompatible with the care of souls.

One day, a traveller in search of Father Neyron's services, while passing through a wood, saw an old man with bare arms and knees, in a neighboring stream, washing various articles of wearing apparel. Approaching, the stranger asked where the priest lived. The old man answered that if he would wait until the washing was done he would conduct him to the priest's house. The work was finished and both started for a log cabin near a rustic chapel at a little distance. Arrived at the house, the old man disappeared for a few minutes. Having arranged his toilet, he returned, and said: "What can I do for you?" To his surprise, the traveller found his guide was the priest for whom he was looking.

Father Neyron not only had to do his own washing, but for years he was in turn his own cook, carpenter, tailor and blacksmith; in fact, he at times was forced to ply all the trades. He frequently built churches and the bricks of the simple foundations were made by himself. Even the altars, pulpits and chairs were in some instances the product of his own handicraft. Many a tale could be told of Father Neyron during those early days. Frequently he had to carry on his own shoulders for thirty or forty miles a sack or a barrel of flour. Often he had to attend a sick call distant two hundred miles or more. When, in 1837, the noble Father de Seille was dying among his Indians, where Notre Dame is now situated, the priest at Chicago was absent and the one at Logansport sick. Father Neyron was requested by Bishop Bruté to go from the southern part of the State to the extreme north to carry the consolation of religion to

the dying priest. When he arrived at Notre Dame, he found the Indians mourning the death of their loved father and friend.

In the first years of the late civil war he worked for many months in the hospitals of the South, administering to the spiritual and corporal wants of the wounded and dying soldiers. Under Bishops Bruté, de la Hailandière, Bizin and de St. Palais, of Vincennes, the venerable Flaget, of Kentucky, and other pioneer prelates of the West, Father Neyron did the work of his Master until the year 1863, when rheumatism prevented him from laboring, as he had in the strength of his vigorous manhood, and he applied to Father Sorin to be permitted to come to Notre Dame to pass, in needed quiet, the remaining years of his life.

* * *

But after his arrival here, he could not remain idle; so, after a short period of rest, he began the second term of '63-'64, as a member of the College Faculty, and took charge of the classes of Anatomy and *Materia Medica*. Scattered all through our country are prosperous professional men who bear testimony to the solid foundations of future success laid while they studied under Father Neyron.

Recovering from his rheumatism, he began again to display his wonderful energy. Every day he would walk ten or twenty miles in the open air, and on Sundays and holidays he would visit little towns in the vicinity of Notre Dame to celebrate Mass and administer the Sacraments to the few scattered Catholics. On one occasion, in mid-winter, he said Mass at Elkhart, a town some sixteen or seventeen miles from Notre Dame. He was to take cars home in the evening, but a great fall of snow had blockaded the roads, and the train was delayed several hours. Instead of waiting, he walked all the way to back the University in a blinding storm.

His favorite walk was along the wooded banks of the beautiful St. Joseph's River. This winding stream, with its wealth of oaks and stately cedars, forms the western boundary of Our Lady's domain, and it was on its romantic banks that Father Neyron loved to drink in the loveliness of nature and to commune with the past. In his rambles he was often accompanied with his rifle. He was an excellent shot, and often during his missionary career he had to depend on his gun for his food. His erect, well-proportioned figure, scarcely bowed by its weight of years; his noble head and magnificent brow with its crown of silver white attracted the attention of everyone, while the simple elegance of his manners, graced as they were with all the natural urbanity of a born Frenchman, won the hearts

of those with whom he came in contact. He was really a picturesque sight as he started off on his walks with his long, black cassock tucked up under his left arm, and a stout stick for killing snakes under the other. One of his favorite positions in walking was to have his left arm folded at his back, and his right hand on his breast, with the third and fourth finger between the buttons of his closed cassock.

He would never consent to have his likeness taken. Time and time again Lillebridge, of Chicago, Bonny, and other photographers who came to Notre Dame, tried to steal a negative of the old warrior. After the great fire, that reduced many of the College buildings to ashes, Bonny, of the Bend, came to photograph the ruins. He caught sight of Father Neyron standing in a meditative mood near one of the blackened walls. The photographer brought the camera to bear on the patriarch, but just as he was congratulating himself that he had at last secured a picture of the old veteran, the latter turned his back and walked away. A good likeness exists, however, in the Columbus series of pictures by Gregori. In the scene representing the death of Columbus, the old Franciscan monk standing at the foot of the bed and leaning on a stick is a faithful representation of Father Neyron at the time the painting was made. The sketches for the portrait were made by Gregori while the venerable priest was taking his meals in the College refectory. Shortly after, when he learned that Gregori had made a Franciscan monk of him, he allowed his beard to grow so that no one would recognize the likeness. The beard soon grew to patriarchal length, and with his magnificent head and bright blue eyes formed a study, the admiration of artists.

Every morning, summer and winter, five o'clock found him at the foot of the altar in the Infirmary chapel, vested to offer the Divine Sacrifice. While at Notre Dame he was never known to wear a stocking or flannel. During his missionary career he was forced to forego these luxuries, and later in life he did without them, through force of habit or in a spirit of mortification. Even on the coldest day he could never be persuaded to wear an overcoat. When going into the sanctuary to say Mass, out of respect to the Blessed Sacrament, he would put on white stockings and a pair of embroidered slippers. Mass over, he would take off the slippers and stockings and replace them with heavy, coarse shoes put on his bare feet. Scrupulously neat in his person, he would wear an old hat until almost white, and a cassock until threadbare. His patrimony he distributed to the poor, and his charity

followed the Gospel counsel—"not to let the left hand know what the right had given."

For the past year or so it was noticed that he did not eat as heartily as usual. During his twenty-five years at the University he was accustomed to take a good meal regularly three times a day, and it was a rare occurrence to find him absent from the table. Punctually every day he taught his classes up to the time when the Christmas vacation put an end to recitations for the year 1887.

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On Dec. 24, he said his Mass as usual, and promised to say on the next day the three Masses permitted on the feast of Our Lord's Nativity. The Christmas Midnight Mass found him in the nave of the University Church among the faithful worshippers at the crib of the Infant Jesus. Having assisted at the solemn services, he retired to his room to take a rest before the hour for his own Masses in the Infirmary chapel. It was noticed that he was not at his post—an omission unheard of before. When the Brother went to his room, he found the old patriarch unable to drag himself to the altar. He said he did not feel well. Tuesday evening he called for a priest. When the College chaplain arrived, the patriarch exclaimed: "I am going to die; I feel it!" Father Stoffel said: "There is no danger;" but he was interrupted by Father Neyron, who calmly said: "I am going to die, please hear my Confession." His request was granted, and Extreme Unction administered. The chaplain then said: "I will now give you the indulgence." The old man replied: "I want the indulgence for the dying—the indulgence *in articulo mortis*." This, as well as the Sacraments, he received with the greatest devotion and recollection. Before sunrise next morning Father Stoffel brought the Blessed Sacrament to administer it as the *Viaticum* to the faithful old missionary. When he entered the room, he found the aged priest on his knees, without any support, holding in his hand the white Communion pail, ready to receive his Divine Lord and Master for the last time. After Communion he desired to be left alone. He would allow no one to stay in his room. Towards evening he arose from his bed and sat on a chair not far from his window.

At six he partook of a light supper, and the attendant withdrew for a few minutes to take some refreshment. At half-past six, the hurrying feet of students on the pavement outside announced the hour for tea. All were seated in the refectory, when they were startled by what seemed to be an apparition; with dishevelled locks and tangled beard,

half dressed in an old, torn coat, the tottering form of Father Neyron was seen making his way to his accustomed seat at the President's table. All stopped eating, and the silence of death pervaded the apartment. When told that he did wrong to leave his room, he said that he was ordered to come regularly to his meals, and that he had to obey. True to the habits of a quarter of a century, when from his room he saw the boys going to the refectory, he put on his old hat and started down stairs, across the court, to be on time in his place. He insisted on eating a cake and drinking some water. After supper, kind friends assisted him to his room in the Infirmary. There he remained all Thursday and Friday, sitting in his chair or walking the floor, refusing to see anyone except those who brought him his meals, saying that he wished to be alone until God would call him. Death had no terrors for him.

Saturday morning he did not rise. About half-past seven, the Sisters brought him his breakfast. After taking a glass of milk, he drew a few short breaths, and, like the flickering light of a candle burned out, his soul went forth into the darkness of the valley of death. A priest was sent for, and the attendants recited the prayers for the dying. When the priest arrived, he found that life was extinct—the dread summons had come and had found the soul well prepared to obey.

Professor Gregori was requested to take a cast in plaster of the face of the deceased. He did so with great difficulty, on account of the full beard. When the mask was removed it was found to be a perfect counterpart of the features of the venerated dead. Almost a half century ago, Father Neyron himself took a plaster cast of the face of his deceased friend and Bishop, the sainted Bruté. The bust of Bishop Bruté in the Bishops' Memorial Hall was made from the cast taken by Father Neyron.

The body was then vested in amice and alb and purple silk vestments, and was visited by students, Faculty and friends, while kneeling brothers and priests recited the prayers for the dead.

Monday, the coffin containing the remains was carried into the church. The solemn Office of the Dead was chanted, and the Sacrifice of the Mass offered by the venerable Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kirsch and Coleman, as deacon and subdeacon. The chime clanged the *Miserere*; the mammoth bell tolled its funeral note in muffled tones; the great organ wailed forth its most mournful strains, while the solemn dirges of the Gregorian chant implored peace and light for the departed. After Mass, Rev. Father Hudson delivered a pane-

gyric on the life and labors of the deceased. The last absolution was pronounced; and the dead patriarch was carried forth by his brother priests to the vault of the graveyard chapel where the coffin was temporarily deposited.

In the death of Father Neyron the last connecting link between the days of the sainted first Bishop of Vincennes and the present has been broken. Long will his memory live in grateful benediction in this State where he labored so faithfully for the advancement of religion, and long will the students of Notre Dame take pride in relating that it was their privilege to be associated with the great soldier, scholar and priest, Rev. Louis Neyron. May he rest in peace!

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Personal

—F. B. Devoto, '76, is connected with the Union Pacific R.R., Wyoming Division.

—Charles F. Porter, '85, of Eau Claire, Wis., is a welcome visitor to his *Alma Mater*.

—Walter Kelly (Com'l), '81, of Lake Five, Wis., is now a practising physician at Kewaskum, Wis.

—Geo. L. Hagan, of St. Augustine, Ill., gold medalist in the Commercial Course of '81, is Postal Clerk in the Railway Mail Service in his native State.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wile, of LaPorte, Ind., were welcome visitors to the College on Thursday last. They were accompanied by their niece, Miss Alice Guggenheimer, an accomplished young lady and a graduate of the celebrated Leipsic Conservatory of Music.

—Mr. B. T. Becker, Law and Classical '87, visited Notre Dame last week. Mr. Becker has recently returned from an extended tour in Europe and will now practise law in Toledo, Ohio, where he has formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. E. Pilliod. We wish "Bac." success in his professional career.

—John J. Fitzgibbon, '58, and James O'Brien, a member of the College Faculty, in the early days of the '50's, were welcome visitors to the College during the week. Mr. Fitzgibbon has long been an active and prominent member of the College Alumni Association and a highly successful merchant of Chicago. Mr. O'Brien is one of the leading members of the Bar at Caledonia, Minn., and came for the purpose of entering his son William. The visit of both gentlemen was greatly appreciated and will, it is hoped, be soon renewed and made more extended.

—Rev. Frank O'Brien, the esteemed Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., has our thanks for season tickets to the course of lectures to be delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Society of his parish. The course will be opened on the 18th inst., by Rev. President

Walsh, and the fact is thus noticed by the *Kalamazoo Telegraph*:

"First on the list appears the name of Rev. Thomas Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame, a more polished gentleman, or a more classic English writer than who n never appeared before an audience. He is learned and thorough, too, and has a remarkable tact in impressing his views upon his hearers. All were pleased with his lecture here two years ago. They have a new pleasure in store for them. His theme, 'The Temporal Power of the Popes,' is an opportune one, being one that is the topic in all circles in Europe at the present day. Father Walsh is exceedingly fair in his views, which will be remembered by those who heard him speak on 'Voltaire;' and while he will unquestionably present views expressing his loyalty to the Mother Church, he will not be backward in giving the other side. His fame will bring him a large audience."

—The *Chicago Citizen* of the 7th inst. contained the following:

"Mr. Hugh S. O'Donnell, of Marysville, Ky., was united in holy marriage to Miss Eithnea E. O'Connor, of this city, at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, on Thursday morning. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Agnew. The cathedral was filled with the friends of the bridal couple. Mr. Frank Dever, of Pittsburg, Pa., acted as best man, and the bridesmaid was Miss Minnie O'Connor, sister of the bride. The bridegroom is a graduate of the famous University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and the bride, of St. Mary's Academy, where she enjoyed the care and affection of the lamented Mother Angel, that splendid preceptress of so many of the young ladies of America. The bridegroom, after his graduation, connected himself with the house of Carson, Pirie & Co., of this city, and has been remarkably successful in a comparatively brief business career. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Dennis O'Connor, the well known Irish Nationalist and Treasurer of the United Irish societies of Chicago. After the nuptial knot was tied, a reception and *dejeuner* were given to the friends of the families at the residence of the bride's parents No. 265 North Franklin street."

Mr. O'Donnell was one of the prominent students of the University in '80-'81. His many friends among the Faculty and students extend to him and his amiable bride their congratulations with best wishes for many years of wedded bliss.

—Among the visitors during the week were: L. W. Crane, Frankfort, Mich.; Miss E. Ramsey, Constantine, Mich.; F. Major, Montreal, Canada; M. and J. Henoch, Laporte, Ind.; C. Burns, Batavia, N. Y.; P. O'Hearn, Brazil, Ind.; Mr. C. Ellis, Miss F. Henderson, Rossville, Ill.; Mrs. O. F. Woods, Mrs. A. J. Churchhill, Avon, Ill.; P. Couineau, Mrs. Budinet and daughter, Monroe, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Harlan and daughter, Tremont, Ohio; H. Buley and daughter, Logansport, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Black, Hamilton, Ohio; G. Boldrick, Lebanon, Ky.; L. Beckham, Greenville, Texas; Mrs. E. L. Smith and daughter, C. F. Smith, Reading, Penn.; Miss S. A. Smith, Denver, Col.; P. J. Creelton, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Corl, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. W. J. Wise and daughter, W. J. Wise, Angola, Ind.; Mrs. L. Cox, Bryan, Ohio; Miss V. Baucier, Louisville, Ohio; W. T. Moore, Spencer, Mass.; Mrs. J. H. Ricksicker, Sterling, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. R. Hanse, Miss B. Stringham, Battle Creek, Mich.

—The sad news has reached us of the death, on the 7th inst., at Kansas City, Mo., of Thomas C. Logan (Law), '77. He was the son of Dr. C. A. Logan, formerly of Leavenworth, and was related

to the late Senator John A. Logan. His father was United States Minister to Chili, S. A., under Grant, Garfield and Arthur. The deceased was Secretary of the American Legation under his father, and came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1872, direct from Chili. During the years spent in College, he was a leader in all the societies, particularly the Thespian Dramatic Association, and was a general favorite among the students. Around his death bed were gathered a beloved sister and several of his college classmates—William T. Bull, Frank Hastings and Jos. P. McHugh. His parents are now travelling in Europe, and the news will come as a crushing blow, for their hopes were centred in their son. To them and to the bereaved relatives of the deceased, his former Professors and fellow students extend their sincere condolence in this great affliction.

Local Items.

- Another "elevation."
- Tobaganning is good.
- He got over the transom.
- "Did you pay your fare?"
- Where are our sleighing parties?
- Macbeth on the 22d of February.
- The Temperance Society boometh.
- Henderson's driving was the feature.
- My assistant will now light two candles.
- Simon folded his tent and silently stole away.
- The interrogation point still continues its ravages.
- Skating has been excellent for the last few days.
- We miss the genial presence of Rev. Father Morrissey.
- New arrivals have been very numerous since the holidays.
- Those who remained at Notre Dame report a pleasant time.
- The walking from South Bend is not good, especially after dark.
- The mandolin has not returned, but the accordion endureth forever.
- One who throws sand upon the icy steps and pavements is a public benefactor.
- "Boston" predicts great things of the Bean City baseball aggregation for '88.
- Observers noticed that "Pat's" moustache had a peculiar curl on last Tuesday.
- A public debate by the members of the Law Classes will be given in a few days.
- The returning students rejoice to see Prof. Lyons again restored to health and vigor.
- It is to be hoped that reports of Philodemic meetings will soon appear in these columns.
- Simon is reported as about to produce "Five Days in Michigan City; or, The Pilfered Fleece."

—Mr. F. Jewett has presented to the Seniors' study-hall a beautiful miniature lamp, to burn before Our Lady's statue.

—The walls of the Greek room have recently been frescoed. The interior of the apartment now resembles a Grecian temple.

—The semi-annual examinations are dangerously near. Woe betide him who is not prepared; for, verily, he will be "plucked."

—As an extra inducement, the enterprising proprietor of the store gives away with every pair of skates a complete set of pads.

—The members of the Staff decline all gifts of Christmas cigars. They may not "be beat," but they are very liable to be cabbage(d).

—M. O'Kane has been appointed First Lieutenant, and J. C. McGurk Second Lieutenant of Company "B," Hoynes' Light Guards.

—Although somewhat late in the season, the "roomers" have decided to have a Christmas tree for the delectation of the younger members.

—The skating was excellent on Thursday last, until the blizzard of wind and snow rushed in from the southeast, about four in the afternoon.

—The boxing-room has been reopened, and if one may judge from the earnest practice of a few of our local ambitious ones, some spirited contests will be witnessed before the year is over.

—The semi-annual examinations will begin on Friday, the 27th inst., and terminate on Tuesday, Feb. 1. The announcement is made thus early in order that no one may be taken by surprise.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Pilomathean Society have resumed work with great vigor, and the same may be said of the Philopatians. Reports of their great meetings will be given in our next.

—"Freddie" has severed his connection with the vulgarly hilarious cigarette-smoking herd, and now, clothed with becoming sedateness, has sought relief for his wearied lungs in the—pipe.

—Our local bard shrunk up considerably during the cold snap, and we scarce expect to hear from him until he bursts forth with "Spring, spring, beautiful spring!" or, "Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come!"

—Some of the students have been engaged in fishing through the ice on St. Joseph's Lake, but have not met with great success. Piscatorial pursuits are conducive to mendacity, and should be abandoned during the winter.

—Owing to four different parties being represented by the members of the Staff, it has been thought best to eschew political discussions altogether rather than to allow each party alternate weekly control of these columns.

—Signor Gregori is bringing to completion a splendid mural painting in the new extension to the church. It represents the "Death of St. Joseph," and promises to be a masterpiece of art. A description will be given in a future number.

—Rev. President Walsh addressed the students several evenings during the week. In connection

with the approaching examinations, he spoke of the importance of a good use of time and the cultivation of proper manners. His remarks were listened to with deep attention and were calculated to make a lasting impression.

—President Cleveland's tariff message and an able exposition of the protective doctrine by Prof. Hoynes, were read and discussed by the members of the Law Debating Society last Wednesday evening. The subject was ably argued *pro* and *con*, but the lateness of the hour compelled an adjournment before the discussion was concluded. The matter will be further considered at the next meeting.

—The Pansophical Conversational Society held the first meeting of the new year. The latest acquisition to the "roomers" was elected to membership. An interesting essay was read, and general topics were discussed at length by the erudite members. A choice literary programme was arranged for the next meeting, and, after listening to the reports of the various officers, the society adjourned.

—Rev. Father Cleary arrived Tuesday, at noon, and was duly escorted from the train to the College, by the officers of our local Temperance Society. The Rev. gentleman did not, however, as was expected, lecture in the evening. Having caught a severe cold while travelling, he was prevailed upon to rest for a few days rather than run the risk of aggravating the ailment. Father Cleary will return to Notre Dame in a week or two, and will then deliver the promised lecture.

—Rev. T. J. Conaty, the well-known priest of Worcester, last week forwarded to Rome the Jubilee address of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America to his Holiness Leo XIII. The address, which is admirably worded, was exquisitely mounted on white satin paper, in blue and gold. On one of the white silken covers were the Papal insignia, and on the other a beautiful picture of St. John the Baptist, both handsomely painted by the distinguished artist, Signor Gregori, of Notre Dame University. The offering was one of which the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and its worthy President, Father Conaty, may justly feel proud. —*Boston Republic*.

—Dr. E. Johnson, of Watertown, Wis., an old friend of Notre Dame, has presented to the Bishops' Memorial Hall a large number of books and five large dry goods boxes filled with volumes of *The Metropolitan Record*, *New York Freeman's Journal*, *The Vindicator*, *The Emerald*, *The Shamrock*, *The Irish Citizen*, *The Irish Nation*, *The Catholic Citizen*, *The Monthly*, *Durward's Catholic Monthly*, *The Tablet*, and other periodicals. Among the books is a magnificent edition of the Douay Bible, in two large folio volumes, handsomely bound in morocco and beautifully illustrated. Dr. Johnson's gift is greatly appreciated at Notre Dame, where it will be carefully preserved as a monument to his generosity.

—The death mask of the late Father Neyron, taken by Professor Gregori, has been placed on a cushion of maroon colored velvet and deposited

with the historical collections in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. It shows every line and wrinkle of the familiar old face. Before taking the mask, the lower part of the full, long beard had to be covered, to prevent it from becoming embedded in the plaster, and in this respect alone does it differ from the appearance of the original. When removing the cast from the face, many of the hairs of the side beard and moustache adhered to the plaster, and at one time it was feared the mask could not be successfully removed.

The taking of a good cast requires skill and experience, otherwise the delicate lineaments of the countenance may be distorted. The face must first be covered carefully with a preparation of oil to prevent the plaster from injuring the flesh; then a layer of plaster, tinted with red, is delicately placed all over the countenance, and later a second layer of white plaster is laid over the pink. When these have become sufficiently solidified to be handled, the mask is removed with care and placed in water to prevent it from becoming hard. This cast shows the reverse of the features. In the course of a day, or two, it is removed from the water and dried with a cloth. The impression is then coated with liquid soap and filled with fine plaster of paris. When the filling has become hard, the artist, with hammer and chisel, chips off the exterior coating from the pink layer that had been placed over the face, this in turn has to be removed with great care and attention lest the chisel should mar the impression taken. Then the face of the deceased appears with all the outline and modelling of nature.

—Accessions to Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.: Pastoral letter of Bishop Dufal, C.S.C., Administrator of Galveston; silk badge, used at the Golden Jubilee of Pius IX, presented by Rev. Father Toohey. Cabinet photograph of Bishop Watterson, presented by Sister Lydia. Complete set of the *Catholic Cabinet*, presented by Rev. Henry Moeller, S. J. Lot of original letters written by Father Badin, Archbishops Henni and Purcell, Bishops David, Van de Velde and Rosati, presented by H. Meister. Eleven different photographic likenesses of Pope Pius IX; photograph representing the household of *Pio Nono*; photographs of forty Cardinals created by the late Pope, presented by C. Moore. Picture of St. John the Evangelist, given to Bishop McGill when he was confirmed, and by him presented with his autograph (when he confirmed her) to Miss Weed, now Mother St. Charles, of the Ursulines, from whom it has been received. The first three volumes of the *Catholic Vindicator*, bound, presented by Mr. Bray. "The History of Mexico," by the Abbé D. Francesco Clavigero, 2 vols., 1787; thirteen early volumes of the *Catholic Herald*, bound; first fifteen volumes of the *Catholic Mirror*, bound, presented by the Library Association. More than one thousand two hundred original letters written fifty years ago by the early missionaries of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois, presented by Rev. F. K—. Letter written by Rev. Theobald Matthew, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Mäes. Letter written by Mgr. Wand, Bishop of Hildes-

heim, presented by Mrs. C. Heinemann. Bishop England's episcopal chair, presented by Mother Leoni. *Lait's Directory* for 1825, with lithograph of Pope Leo XII, presented by Brother Oswald. "History of Minnesota," presented by Master F. Chute.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Beckman, P. Burke, J. Burke, D. Barrett, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Bronson, Ball, Barnard, Biesington, J. Burns, Bush, Brewer, Bacca, E. Burns, Boland, Craft, Co-grove, Campbell, J. Cassidy, Chacon, Craig, L. Chute, F. Coady, E. Coady, Clark, Donohue, Donelson, Dempsey, Dore, Delaney, Ewing, Evanson, Fleming, A. Finckh, Fenton, Fisher, Fehr, Griffin, Goebel, Gallardo, Gordon, Geisler, Garrity, Henderson, Heinemann, Howard, Houck, Jennings, Joyce, Jacobs, Jewett, Jackson, Larkin, Langan, J. McDermott, Mathews, Metzger, Mulkern, McWilliams, Mackey, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, McAllister, McCart, Mack, McAuliff, McCune, Mattes, Andrew N. Choll, Alfred Nicholl, K. Newton, Neill, R. Newton, O'Hara, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Pollock, Pears, Prudhomme, Prichard, Quigley, Roper, Rosenthal, Rochford, Rodriguez, Rothert, Rudd, Ruebsamen, Stubbs, Scholfield, Sullivan, Stephenson, W. Silver, R. Silver, Spencer, H. Smith, M. Smith, Tiernan, Webb, Wall, Woods, Welch, M. White, Wilkin, Whelan, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Anfenger, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Blake, Burger, Benner, Brannick, Brown, Brady, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Carleton, Cooney, J. Connors, Case, Coad, Chacon, F. Connors, Connelly, Cavanagh, Carney, Casey, Chute, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, French, F. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Gray, T. Greene, J. Greene, Gonzales, Girsch, Gitten, Grever, Houlihan, Henry, Henderson, Howard, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hampton, Hoerr, Huber, Hackett, Hartman, Hughes, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johnson, Jewett, Johns, Jackson, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kellner, Kahn, Lane, Lahey, Leonard, Monaghan, Merkle, Munroe, W. Martin, McGuire, James McIntosh, John McIntosh, W. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McCartney, Mooney, Moncada, J. Martin, McGrath, Mulqueen, McKenzie, McNulty, McMahon, Neet, Nichols, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Oaks, Priestly, Paquette, Power, Pritchard, Pechoux, Piau, F. Peck, J. Peck, Quinlan, Roper, Roth, Riedon, Reihard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsy, Reidinger, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Stephens, R. Spalding, Schenk, Senn, A. Sullivan, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, C. Spalding, Talbot, Tewkesbury, Thome, Wile, Wageman, Wad., Welch, Wright, Wilbanks, Hayes.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, C. Connor, W. Connor, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Campbell, Crane, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, E. Falvey, Finkel, Grant, Goldman, Greene, Hinds, Hagus, Hailan, Healy, Halthusen, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kehoe, Klaner, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Neel, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plauntz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricks, Sweet, Seerey, F. Smith, Stone, Speir, Taft, Trujillo, Thornton, Wal. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, Witowsky, Wilson, Willien, Young, Zieman.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Little Fannie Palmer, of Chicago, is a welcome addition to the Minim department.

—Nearly all the young ladies who went home for the holidays have returned, and are studying hard to make up for lost time.

—Last week was received the cheering news that Miss K. Shields is now considered out of danger. We hope her recovery will be rapid.

—Miss Irene Horner received the prize offered in October for the greatest improvement in letter-writing from the date of offer to Dec. 22, in the Third Senior Class.

—The visitors at St. Mary's during the past few days have been E. I. Dryer, Mrs. Dr. Kron, G. Koester, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Palmer, Mrs. J. M. La Berge, G. A. Schoeneberg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. Foster, Denver, Col.; Miss K. Rapp, Aurora, Ill.

—Every Wednesday two hours of the morning are devoted to mending; and those who wish to be taught plain sewing, that greatest of accomplishments, have two hours' sewing-class in the afternoon. Many of the pupils are making great progress in this line.

—The Juniors rejoice in the possession of a "Politeness Cross," the generous gift of Mrs. R. F. M. Campbell, of El Paso, Texas. This beautiful ornament will be drawn for each week by those whose conduct has been exemplary; the fortunate winner wearing it till the following week. Sincere thanks are tendered by the Juniors, as well as by their Prefect.

—Mr. A. S. Hughes, of Denver, favored the Academy lately by sending a beautiful little book, "Souvenir of the Denver and Rio Grande." It consists of a fine description of the scenic beauties of the country traversed by the Denver & Rio Grande RR. The views accompanying are excellent, and are as follows: "Echo Cliff," "Mines on Battle Mtn.," "Cathedral Spires," "Garden of the Gods," "Sangre de Cristo Range," and "Ouray and Silverton Toll Road." Warm thanks are returned for the gift.

Letter-Writing.

The common events and civilities of social life unceasingly call for the interchange of opinions, ideas and sentiments through the medium of epistolary correspondence. Society and the domestic circle would lose half their charms if deprived of the satisfaction and pleasure afforded by the writing and reception of letters; while politics and

commerce would be literally paralyzed, but for the facilities provided by this means of communication.

But if fortunes, and even diadems have been won by gracefully penned and appropriately worded letters, certainly more than once the avenues of success and prosperity have been closed against the sanguine aspirant, and that irrevocably, by the illegible chirography, or bad spelling, or false grammatical construction—perhaps all these together—of letters, which, but for the above-named defects, would have forced the gates wide open.

One thing is sure: a high state of culture has never yet been attained by one who has not acquired, in some degree at least, a ready aptitude in letter-writing. A carelessly penned, clumsily composed, and awkwardly worded letter is one of the most unmistakable proofs of a sadly neglected education. Should the recipient be a personal stranger to the writer, a most unfavorable impression is conveyed. On the other hand, should the careless letter be addressed to a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, and the freedom accorded to friendship assumed as an excuse, the recipient has full right to regard this open negligence as an insult, rather than a mark of confidence and esteem.

Could the young fully realize to what an extent the influence of their letters may be brought to bear, they would certainly not deem as wasted the time given to render them perfect. Far from it! To them, no thoughtful deliberation, no careful discretion, no patient attention would seem irksome. Letter-writing is not, like many other accomplishments, to be counted as a natural gift. It is a talent to be developed. Gossip and platitudes, though they cover fourteen pages, do not constitute a good letter. Who was it that said he "had not time to write a *short* letter"? It was a shrewd man, whatever his name. Well did he know that covering pages with inkmarks is not a proof of friendship.

We may be at fault, for we know that many beautiful letters have never seen the "sanctum" of the editor or the shelves of a book-store; but, from personal experience, we are led to infer that excellence in epistolary correspondence is not a modern ambition. We fancy the *acme* had been reached before our time. We most humbly beg pardon, if our assertion be rash, but we are tempted to declare that the gift of noble letter-writing may be accounted as one of the "lost arts." We hope we are wrong, for we would be glad to be vanquished on this point; but we have our well-grounded fears that those beautiful and

fragrant flowers of the heart, confiding love, trustful friendship and deep affection, have been supplanted by the eager forcing of the so-called more substantial and practical growth of the mental garden. Intellectual expression has become cold, heartless, devoid of sentiment and emotion, and the human being himself nothing more than a mass of sentient, planning, inventive, working matter, to which spirit and immortal existence is no more than a mythical fancy, something to be laughed at; and the poor, impoverished mind is quite divested of heat from the animating fire, that of old kindled under the mystical and purifying crucible of the heart, at once illuminating and exalting domestic and social life.

The manifestation of affection, enthusiasm, devotion and adoration for the Author of our existence is esteemed by the modern matter-of-fact rationalist, as beneath the superior intellect of man, and only worthy of poor, inexperienced children, and weak-minded women. If this our supposition be true, there is a measureless loss to society, which will never be redeemed until the members thereof realize that they are not mere money-making machines, or, worse yet, intellectual ferrets, unearthing the mysteries of the natural and supernatural; but that they are something far above either; that they are, in the first place, immortal and accountable beings, and, as a noble recognition of their ineffable destiny, they are social, kindly, sympathetic creatures, possessed of hearts to love, and of souls endowed with capacities for that true affection which can never die.

These capacities, when nourished and exalted in the scale of human virtues, assimilate our natures to the glorious Being whose image and likeness has been indelibly stamped upon our souls, and they draw us nearer to His throne, the eternal source of an all-absorbing and never-dying love. Alas! when we essay to stifle the voice of the heart, most readily do the din of the world and the jar of material interests usurp the place of that tender music which of old invited us to a more pure and holy life.

We must encourage and express affection; must invite its reciprocation, or the world will become to us a barren abode, unenlightened by rays from the celestial empire of true happiness. Affectionate letters, expressed in an elevated style, contribute largely to this noble heart culture. Much might be added to these reflections, but in the narrow limits of a class essay we will not attempt at present to enlarge upon our theme.

M. F. MURPHY (Class '88).

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Brady, Balch, Burton, Brewer, Butler, Blacklock, Conners, Clore, M. Coll, E. Coll, Campagne, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Early, Flannery, Fenton, Geer, Hammer, Hughes, Hertzog, Horner, I. Horner, Harlen, Heston, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hilla, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Koester, Latta, Leonard, Loonie, M. F. Murphy, N. McCarthy, Morse, M. McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, McFadden, Mitchell, Marly, Neff, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Quealey, G. Regan, Riedinger, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Sullivan, Stadler, M. Smith, B. Smith, Spier, Trask, Thompson, Van Horn, Waterbury, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, Blaine, Butler, M. Burns, E. Burns, Crane, Foster, Hughes, Lauth, N. Morse, G. Papin, Quealey, Rhinchart, Rogers, Stapleton, Wyatt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, A. O'Mara, A. Papin, E. Trempier, F. Palmer.

St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City, Utah.

This is one of the most admirable institutions anywhere in the West. It is a pride to the city, and all our people watch its splendid growth with a satisfaction which is mingled with sympathetic encouragement for the devoted Sisters in charge of it. The building is large, convenient and well adapted for its purpose. The grounds are roomy, pleasant, handsomely laid out, and adorned with fine shrubbery and beautiful flowers.

The Academy is better attended the present year than ever before, as it is but natural to expect in a growing country, and at an establishment so thorough and deservedly popular as this. It is evident from the most transitory view that the pupils are contented and happy. The bright bloom of health shines forth from the ruddy cheeks of the young ladies; neatness, order, and the completeness of all the arrangements and furnishings tell their own story. All these pertain to the physical well being of the pupils, and are named first, as being of more importance than all else; for without perfection in health, comfort and well-being, satisfactory progress in study is impossible.

Coming to the Academy duties proper, one notes the systematically graded course. It would be hard to suggest any improvement in this. It has been built up by the most anxious and painstaking care of the earnest instructors, to meet the wants of this field. The English course is thorough, and wide enough to include all needs, from the little beginners to the classical readings of the graduating classes. The womanly accomplishments receive great attention, and the aim is to fit the young ladies for the duties of the household, in all the varied branches pertaining thereto, from the mending of wearing apparel to the keeping of accounts. The studio is an elegant feature of the Academy, in which beautiful pictures may constantly be seen, and this is a centre of art life for the city. Besides the regular pupils, many ladies of the city have received lessons in drawing, painting and ornamental decorative work. The music department is famous all over the West. It is amply supplied with instruments of all the needful kinds, some of them of rare finish, great cost and exquisite tone. The instruction is skilful and painstaking, by the most devoted of teachers. No pupil is considered to lack musical capacity, and wonders are done with some of them; of course, all this results in the not rare production of musicians of great finish and superior attainments.

All in all, there could not be a superior place to St. Mary's Academy for the training of young ladies. Other instructors may have their hours of throwing off the yoke, but these, never. The result is a steady example of virtue, uprightness and useful daily work, and a uniform excellence and thorough progress in all the work of the Academy. In every respect, the best is always done. And so we say, prosperity and a long career of usefulness to the Salt Lake Academy!—*Salt Lake Press*.